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# PASQUIN *Paſquinaded*;

OR A

# COMMENT

On the late DIALOGUES of

PASQUIN *and* MARFORIO *on the* PEACE.

WHEREIN

The *Crudities* of that Performance, and the *Malevolence* of the Author are Expoſed and Detected.

IN

A Converſation between two celebrated walking Female *Statues* here at *London*; and inſcribed to Lady *T*———*d*-

*Men are but Children of a greater Growth.*
DRYDEN.

*LONDON*:
Printed for J. BROMAGE, at *Temple-Bar*, 1749.
(Price One Shilling.)

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TO

# Lady *T*——*d*.

*MADAM*,

IN Imitation of the Author we comment upon, who choſe the *wittieſt* of our Peers for his *Protector*, we beg Leave to make choice of your Ladyſhip, as the *keeneſt* of our P——ſſes, for our *Protectrix*. Happy, if we have your Pardon for the Latitude; but happier far, if you approve of our Labours! We fear not ſo much your Diſapprobation of our Plan, as of the Execution

tion of it; and in this you will differ from *Paſquin*'s Patron, who is ſaid to have objected more to the Deſign of the *Work* than the *Workmanſhip*.

The Author of that Compoſition might have had ſome *latent* View, which his L——p's greater *Sagacity* may have ferretted out; but for us, who don't pretend to ſee into the Inſide of a Mill-ſtone, we can perceive no Deſign he cou'd have, except that which his L——p was ſuppoſed to have had before he *laſt* breathed the Air of the C——t; that is, *the Amendment of his Countrymen, and Happineſs of his Country*. A glorious Deſign! which we profeſs to have had in view, in reſcuing the Meaning of *Paſquin* from Obloquy, and exhibiting your Ladyſhip as a Pattern for the Imitation of our Women of Faſhion, who ſeem to have no Meaning in their luxurious Exceſs and Extravagance. They dance, dreſs, game, and p——t, but with no View to the Good of their Country: And they titter and tattle too, but with no View to the Edification of the *Proſtitutes* of either Sex.

But how differently are your Ladyſhip's more precious Hours employ'd? You embelliſh

bellish your Person, but to gain you the greater Attention of those *Male* Prostitutes, whom you wou'd reclaim by the Poignancy of your Lessons. And that there are *Prostitutes*, even among our S———rs, who can doubt? But, perhaps, they may be so from the same *Principles*, and for the same *Reason* which wrought upon your late lamented Friend to become one. Poor *Tom W———n!* had he been alive, how he wou'd have mouthed in favour of a *Standing Army*, now that Peace is concluded, and of *Expence*, now we are *thirty Millions* more in debt? But your Ladyship and *Pasquin* take a quite different Method to save your Country; and we confess ourselves so in love with your Conduct in all Things, but *one*, that, like your Ladyship, we chose to set the Deformity of their *Prostitution* before the venal and corrupt, rather than indulge to their Vices and Folly, for the sake of distant Prospects. There may have been a good Meaning in your favourite *Tom's* Scheme; and probably it might answer in the main. But, as an Enemy to *Alteratives*, we chuse, like bold, skilful Graduates in Surgery, to cut up the *Tumour* at once.

*Pasquin*

*Paſquin* tells his *Patron*, that he *Tickles* and *Stings* in the ſame Breath; but your Ladyſhip for our Money, who cuts clean away wherever you meet the Weeds of Affectation, Hypocriſy, or Corruption.

In your manner then, Madam, as near as we are able to imitate ſo perfect a Model as your Ladyſhip, we have ſpoke Truth to the modern *Proſtitutes* of our ſinking Country. So you'll ſay *Paſquin* has done with no other Advantage but being call'd a *Papiſt* and *Jacobite*. Unhappy Age! blinded People, who don't or won't diſcern your *true* from your *falſe* Friends! What has *Paſquin* ſaid that was not true? But *Truth* is not pallatable at all times: Perhaps not; but 'tis not the leſs wholeſome and neceſſary, becauſe of the Patient's vicious Taſte.

It won't, we think, be diſputed that our *Males* are ſunk in *Luxury* and *Corruption*, and that thoſe hideous Vices threaten the Ruin of poor Old *England*. An Amendment, therefore, is of abſolute Neceſſity; but who ſhall preſcribe? Men won't, or if they do, are unheeded, becauſe of the little Attention paid by *Proſtitutes* to *Proſtitutes*, or,

or, indeed, due from one venal *Wretch* to another. But Women may meet with better Succeſs: We are born to Empire, and have a Right, from Nature, to be heard: And we borrow a Claim too from our political *Purity*, ſince we defy the moſt envenom'd of the Creatures in B——es, to arraign us of *bribing*, or being *bribed*. Heaven can atteſt for us, that if *England* muſt fall, it will not be by Female Hands, which are as *clean* as thoſe of others are *dirty*.

How glorious will it be for your Ladyſhip, whom we allow for our Captain General, ſhou'd Female Efforts work the *Converſion* of our inſenſible *Maſters!* How glorious to be the *Saviours* of our Country, and to ſave even thoſe who are the Authors of all her Miſeries! We confeſs to have had the *Ambition* of being *good for ſomething* before our Eyes, in attempting the *Reformation* of our Countrymen. There is no ſecuring Succeſs, where the Diſeaſe has taken ſo deep Root. But this we dare ſay, that if our *Engliſh* Wives, Widows and Maids be *good for any thing*, they will read ſuch *Lectures* to their Huſbands, Sons, and Lovers, as ſhall rouſe them to a Senſe of the

Duty

Duty owing to their Country, or ſhame them out of their *Proſtitution.*

To you, Madam, whoſe Banners we fight under, be the chief Glory of ſo ſeaſonable and neceſſary a Conqueſt. 'Tis honour enough for us to have the *Sanction* of a Name and T——ue, which makes even Courtiers tremble. In an Aſſurance that you won't refuſe us that awful *Shield*, we bid the Smarts and Critics, as well as the Prudes and Coquets, Defiance, and remain your Ladyſhip's

*Humble Servants,*

CHARLOT,

LUCY.

# PASQUIN *Paſquinaded*, &c.

## DIALOGUE I.

### *CHARLOT* and *LUCY*.

*CHARLOT.*

LORD! my Dear, how you talk! I'm glad here are no Witneſſes of your Ignorance. Was ever Preface or Dedication wrote before the Book?

*Lucy.* I can't ſay poſitively which were Prior in the Contexture, but am very ſure that moſt of our modern Compoſitions, and this of *Paſquin* and *Marforio* in particular, ſeem to be wrote for the Sake of the Dedications only: And if ſo, may we not conclude that theſe are older in date?

How many Cart-loads of Books, ſmall and bulky, appear'd in *Walpole*'s Days, with no other Meaning, and for no other Purpoſe, than to *dedicate* that laviſh, vain Miniſter out of a Place or Penſion? I remember, in thoſe Days, a *Twelve-pennyworth* on the *Sublime*, wrote by one *M——s* of the C——e-h——e, of which one full third was dedicatory to one the leaſt acquainted with true Eloquence of any that ever appear'd on St. *Stephen*'s oratorial Stage. And will any one perſuade me, that the Scribe did not write his Book for the Sake of the *Dedication*, which, without doubt, muſt have been the firſt *conceiv'd*, and very probably the firſt *produced?* Lord *C——f——d* has a good Share of Wit, ſo has Lady *T——d*, whom we deſign for our Patroneſs.

*Charl.* But, *Lucy*, ſhe wants his Lordſhip's Learning and Talents.

*Lucy.* So ſhe does his B——es; but does ſhe not equal, or even excel him in keen Satyr. Tell me not of a Man's *Talents* that are not properly applied.

*Char.* There went a leſs guarded Shaft than I cou'd have expected from you, that had been ſo long of his Lordſhip's Parties.

*Lucy.* My Lord is an agreeable Woman's Man, I wou'd ſay, *Companion*; but ſhew me where his *Talents* have been of Uſe to his Country? The Dedication to *Paſquin* indeed ſays, *that his Lordſhip's Study has been directed*

*rected to the Amendment of his Countrymen, and Happineſs of his Country.* A glorious Deſign! as the Dedicator has it, but which has ſucceeded no better than Lady *T——d*'s conſtant railing at the different Vices and Vanities of Prudes, Coquets, Fribbles, Rakes, Biſhops and Miniſters. His Lordſhip's *Countrymen* are ſtill *unamended*, and his *Country* more *unhappy* than ever.

*Char.* But had his Advice been follow'd—

*Lucy.* We ſhould have had a bad Peace *ſooner*. No, *Lucy*, had Lord *C——f——d* been ſteady to his Party, and continued an *Oppoſition* to weak and deſtructive Meaſures, we ſhould have had no War with *France*, or it muſt have been better conducted. But by blowing hot and cold, being with and againſt the Miniſter; in ſhort, by being a Courtier and no Courtier, he has well nigh ruin'd his Country, and is himſelf ſunk as low as the Party he deſerted.

*Char.* Unleſs my Lord cou'd work Impoſſibilities, he cou'd no more draw with his Collegue, than a *Genet* with a *Mule*.

*Lucy.* But you'll allow he might have foreſeen the Impoſſibility, and attempt *driving* rather than *drawing* with a miniſterial *Mule*, whom he cou'd ſee bent on the Ruin of his poor Country.—The Fact, I fear, is, that your Favourite had an Itch to be at the Head of Affairs, and thought if he cou'd once get into the Cabinet, he cou'd work

his way to the Summit; where, if he had come, he muſt ſoon deſcend, or keep his Footing, like his *Foregoers*, at the Expence of the *Fair one*, who appears in profile on our Copper Coin.—My Lord is not the firſt Man that has been *miſtaken* by the Public, and had *miſtook* himſelf. Had he ſtaid in *I——d*, he might be ſaid to be in his Province.

*Char.* But you wou'd have had him to have ſtaid with his Party.——

*Lucy.* With whom he acquired all that Stock of Fame on which he ſubſiſted ever ſince. But, like Lady *T——d*, he has loſt the *Eſteem* of the Party that were vain of him, by the very *Member* with which he had acquired it——

*Char.* The *Tongue*, you mean. But how are his Lordſhip and her Ladyſhip's Caſes ſimilar?

*Lucy.* Was it not more Miſs *J——n*'s *Tongue* than her Beauty that got her a Huſband; and was it not that very *Tongue* that has loſt her his Eſteem?

*Char.* I am not very clear in that, ha! ha! But 'tis not for one Woman to calumniate another.

*Lucy.* I wiſh, dear *Charlot*, you don't miſtake the true Nature of *Calumny*, as you do that of *Merit*. If the Cauſe or Cauſes of one Woman's Sep——n be notorious and public, another may ſpeak Truth of her, without

without being chargeable with Calumniating. In like manner, if a Man be cried up for a Species of *Merit*, to which he has no Title, 'tis the Province of *Truth* to ſtrip him of the falſe Tinſel; 'tis that of *Friendſhip* to hold up the faithful Mirour of *Reflection*, for the Reformation of the Object of its Eſteem. I can ſee many Excellencies in Lord *C——f——d*, but I can ſee Blemiſhes in your Brilliant. He may wiſh well to his Country, but I deny that of late he has gone the way to ſerve her. When I hear he employs his Talents, and the whole Weight of his Intereſt, in publicly *expoſing* and *oppoſing* weak, if not wicked *Meaſures*, then ſhall he be as much my Favourite as ever. But if I hear he *abſents* himſelf when a national Debate is expected, or *ſhirks* out of the H——e in the Middle of one, I ſhall conſign him over to Lord *B——b*'s Puniſhment, to be neglected and deſpiſed.

*Char.* Indeed, my Dear, if I had not known thee intimately from your Infancy, I ſhou'd ſuſpect you had been ſlighted by his Lordſhip in your greener Days.

*Lucy.* No, *Charlot*, I acquit my Lord of every leſſer Species of Diſhonour.

*Char. Leſſer Species!* ha, ha! his Lordſhip is infinitely in your Debt, who ſo charitably acquit him of *Larceny*, but charge him with Murther.

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* My dear *Charlot*, attack them as we may; if they have ſpoke *Truth* of our Country, we ſhall be foil'd. But this ſhall be our Enquiry.

*Char.* Who make ſuch Pretenſions to *Truth* as our *Cits?* I have a couple of them in my Eye, that ſhall force the naked Nymph from *Paſquin* and his Chum.

*Lucy.* Who, *B——n* and *B——h——d*, a Couple as likely to pay her Tribute as any that delight in *Cuſtard*, or ſweat in *Fur*.

*Char.* But they walk below among the Crowd, while my Champions are rais'd to honourable *Niches*. Sir *Thomas*, from one Angle, and the Orator, Sir *J——n*, from the other, ſhall lay the *Romans* in Duſt and Infamy.

*Lucy.* I have no Objection to the Former, having never heard any thing to his Diſadvantage. He was a bold Adventurer, and a generous Benefactor; and I never heard that either he, or any of his *Family*, had any *Employment* or private *Penſion* from the Crown.

*Char.* May not a Family enjoy both without being at Enmity with *Truth?*

*Lucy.* In Sir *Thomas Greſham*'s Days they might, I believe; but in ours, *Charlot*, I fear *Truth* has none or very ſlight Acquaintance with *Placemen* and *Penſioners*. I don't know that your City *Orator* has a *Penſion*; but ſure I am, he has long acted as if he had one,

or

or was in *Expectation* of a ſnug Place. But we ſhall ſoon ſee him tried on the Touch-Stone of *Virtue*, if it be true that he is too *open*, or at leaſt *harangue* in Favour of the Reſtitution of *G———r*.

*Char.* Nay, if he be capable of proſtituting his Talents to ſo vile a Purpoſe———

*Lucy.* You'll condemn him to foot it with the reſt of his Brethren in Scarlet. Ha, ha!

*Char.* If his fellow *Cits* had not been as thoughtleſs as their younger, lowing Brethren of *Eſſex*, they would have ſeen the Man to the *End*, before they rais'd him up for Worſhip and Imitation.

*Lucy.* They wou'd have lifted up his Garment to diſcover *Reynard*'s Tail, brought into the World with him.

*Char.* Credulous Generation! I conſign their *Orator* to Oblivion like his Patron *G——le*, who ne'er had a Friend or Follower, either in Power or out.

*Lucy.* Wretched Situation! Yet there is one Peculiarity in *G——e*'s Character, which if not amiable, is at leaſt not condemnable.

*Char.* That he paid no Court to *Virtue*, as his Aſſociate, *B——h*, did; nor pretended to be her Votary: An odd kind of Heroiſm!

*Lucy.* But not unpractis'd by others. Was it ever ſuſpected that *G——e*'s *O'erthrower* had ever ſacrific'd to the *Goddeſs*, any more than the Vanquiſh'd?

*Char.* I can't ſay much for the *Elder* B——r, who may be rather deem'd a *Bon D—ble* than a bad Man; but the *Younger* bears a deſireable Character——

*Lucy.* And may deſerve it juſt as much as the Younger of the *Royal Brothers* in the *Royal Exchange.*

*Char.* *James* II. bating his Bigotiſm, was thought to be an honeſt Man.

*Lucy.* And his B———r, bating his Diſh——y, was an amiable Prince.

*Char.* He had Wit and Humour; what if we ſet him looſe at *Paſquin*——

*Lucy.* And his leſs facetious, *uprear'd* Brother, at the graver *Marforio.* No, *Charlot*; unleſs you wou'd wiſh to hear the *Infallibility* maintain'd by one, and all *Religion* ridicul'd by the other, you muſt look out for other Champions.——What wou'd you think of the *Graſshopper* o'er the buſy, uſeful Crowd, and the *Dragon* at *Bow*'s? As they are *unpenſioned* and *unplaced*, you may be ſure they will be *impartial*——

*Char.* But *untractable*; and unleſs they be as pliant as *Woodbine*, and fawning as *Pointers*, they will anſwer my Purpoſe as little as they wou'd that of *Miniſters.* The R——l *Block* that tramples on the Church near *B——ry*, ſhall better anſwer our Views.

*Lucy.* But how to match him that riſes ſo much higher than any Statue we have?

*Char.*

*Char.* Oh, very eaſily; 'tis but ſuppoſing that of his *wiſe* G——— to be ſet up on the Ball o'er the Monument.

*Lucy.* I am rather for truſting my Cauſe to *Horſemen*; they can ſkirmiſh more nimbly, and with greater Advantage; and in caſe of a Defeat, are got ſooner out of the Enemy's Reach. You ſhall chuſe the gilded Monarch in *L*———*r* Square, I'll take up with the hapleſs Prince at *Charing Croſs*.

*Char.* The Match wou'd be unequal; your Champion might ſpeak to be underſtood, tho' he loſt his Head, while mine might ſputter his Heart out in *High Dutch*, without being intelligible to an *Engliſh* Audience.

*Lucy.* Suppoſe we clap Pillions behind them, and lift up the two *Bœotian* Heroines, that have lately made ſo free with all their Acquaintance, as bought not off the *Gall* of their Pens.

*Char.* Ah! name not the P———tes, who glory in their Infamy, and endeavour ſtamping Diſhonour on their whole Sex. I wonder the Public wou'd encourage ſo infamous a Pair. Where can be the Satisfaction of reading Works, that are groſly flat and inſipid; but where they are larded with Obſcenity, or chequer'd with ſecret Hiſtory, reflecting on the innocent and virtuous? Fough! *Phi*——*ps* and *P*——*g*——*n*! the Scandal of their Sex and Country! No, *Lucy*;

if we muſt have walking Champions, take you the Hero of the *Haymarket*——

*Lucy.* And I that of *Exeter-'change.* Ha, ha! no, thank you; I am too fond of my *Sloes*, to truſt them to a Night-errant Q——k. Give me the C——e-M——t Orator; I'll anſwer he is not leſs learned or *modeſt*.

*Char.* My dear *Lucy*, what a *triumvirate* are here encourag'd; one to laugh at *Religion*, a ſecond to mock *natural Defects*, and a third to debaſe *Science* and *Art*?——Well may *Paſquin* have ſaid, that we *Engliſh* are ſunk below the other Nations of *Europe*.

*Lucy.* If he bring no better Proof of our Degeneracy than this you deduce, we ſhall ſoon take him down without the Aid of either Marble or *Braſs*, except what you may have borrow'd of your tall, *ſlim* favorite Declaimer, ha, ha!

*Char.* He, indeed, has enough to ſpare; and did he abound in Wit and Humour as in the *Corinthian*, wou'd be our beſt Champion to encounter *Paſquin*.

*Lucy.* If two *Engliſh* Tongue-pads do not the Urchin's Work, we ſhall merit the Fate of *Lot*'s Rib.—Come, *Charlot*, begin with his Night-cap.—But, now I think on't, Lady *Roundabout*'s Drum is to Night; and you know ſhe is no body without your humble Servant. Adieu, then, my Dear, till To-morrow's Sun ſhine, or our Morning Coffee and Muffins.

DIA-

# DIALOGUE II.

*CHAR.*

COME, my Championeſs, couch your Grey-gooſe Spear, and begin the Attack.—They ſet out with a Fib, I am ſure, by ſaying we have an *Inquiſition* here in *England*. Lord help them! did they know the Contempt our Clergy are held in, and how our State Reformers had pared their ſpiritual Horns, they wou'd never have thought us awed by any *Inquiſition*, except that of our penal Laws.—

*Lucy.* Which, like our *Iniquities*, are grown o'er our Heads.—

*Char.* To verify what *Paſquin* ſays facetiouſly, *that the Freeſt of the Free are the greateſt Slaves*, ha, ha! What think you of his next Abſurdity, his two-edged Sword, as he calls his *Infallibility?*

*Lucy.* As I do of his *golden Calf*, which, he ſays, we *Engliſh* bow'd to ever ſince we drove our *Moſes* from his Office. The firſt ſhews him to be an honeſt *Whig*, the next, that he is a Spendthrift.

*Char.* Bleſs us, *Lucy!* whither wou'd you ramble? *Paſquin* a *Whig* for ſupporting *Infallibility*, and a *Spendthrift* for arraigning us of adoring *Gold!*

*Lucy.* *Charlot*, my Dear, thou are a mere Dab-chick in the Myſteries of the Pen. Your deep

deep Learn'd neither ſpeak nor write to be underſtood by the Vulgar. See you not how widely our ſenatorial *Orators* walk from their Profeſſions. *Paſquin* knew full well there was no *Infallibility* on Earth but in a *Britiſh* Parliament, which can do and undo, K——g and unk——g, looſen or tie, or do any thing, except altering Sexes.

*Char.* The very thing to be wiſh'd in their Power.—How pleas'd ſhou'd I be to ſee the Sp——r and Lord C——r ſettling the Debates of both Houſes, with big Bellies.

*Lucy.* And our good Lords, the B——ps, giving Suck to the Sons of *Diſſenters*, ha, ha!

*Char.* And our *Non Cons* applying to Sir *R——d M——n* for Relief, ha, ha!

*Lucy.* How glad ſhou'd I be to ſee our *Fribbles* gnawing Chalk and Cinders.——

*Char.* And our *Prudes* and *Coquets* turn'd to brothel Bullies and cynick Philoſophers, ha, ha!

*Lucy.* And was all this to happen, wou'd it be any more than one ſees every Day?

*Char.* How, *Lucy*; do we ſee Men chang'd into Women, and Women into Men?

*Lucy.* Yes, in all Things but Attire. Are not our *drum* and *route* Huntreſſes become forward, loud *Maſculines*, and our curl'd *Fribbles* become mere painted, lack-learn'd Feminets?

*Char.*

*Char.* But all this while we forgot the Buſineſs of the Day.——You have not ſatisfied me why *Paſquin* was a *Whig* for believing *Infallibility*,

*Lucy.* Becauſe all who believe the *Infallability* of P——ts are *Whigs*.

*Char.* For the ſame Reaſon, I ſuppoſe, that all who diſpute it are *Tories*, or, in other Words, *Jacobites*.

*Lucy.* I take the Diſpute between them to be pretty near that which the *Romiſh* Divines are ſaid to hold about the *Infallibility* of their Church. Some hold it to be in the *Pope* perſonally, as filling St. *Peter's* Chair; others, in the *Pope* and his ordinary Council; but they all agree that it is in the Pontiff and a general Council lawfully conven'd.

*Char. Lawfully conven'd!* there again is room for Cavil till the End of Time.——But to return to *Paſquin*, how ſhall we puniſh him for refuſing us the Epithets *Brave*, *Wiſe*, and *Juſt*.

*Lucy.* By knocking out his Brains with the Bludgeon of *Diſaffection*, halloo the Mob at him, call him *Jeſuit* and *Jacobite*, and you do his Work without Argument or Diſputation.——An impudent Varlet! to queſtion the *Bravery* or *Wiſdom* of a People that had ſo exuberantly dealt out their *Perſons* and *Guineas* on the Continent in the Memory of Man! and as for their *Juſtice*, there are Crowds can vouch for them.——

*Char.*

*Char.* Among the Sufferers by the *South-Sea Scheme*, the *Charitable Corporation* Scheme, and——

*Lucy.* Nay, ſtop not ſhort here when you have ſo long a Journey to go.——You may deduce Proofs from the *Juſtice* of the *York-building* Company, the *Eaſt-India*, *Bank*, *Mercers*, and, in ſhort, from all our Corporations or Companies; and from one great and auguſt *Company* more than all the reſt. Where the *Fountain* is clear, the Stream iſſuing from it muſt neceſſarily be ſo.

*Char.* That being true, all that *Paſquin* ſays of Senator's *giving* but to *receive* is impertinent Quibble. But I don't ſo well know what he means by two hard *Names* which follow.

*Lucy.* *Sybaritæ* and *Crotoniatæ*; the firſt, to be ſure, are ſuch as anſwer to the *miniſterial* Whiſtle.——

*Char.* And enſlave Poſterity to feed their own Luxury. By the *Crotoniatæ*, I ſuppoſe, are meant thoſe M——rs who take Advantage of the Weakneſs of the *Voluptuous.* Juſt after this, *Paſquin* inſinuates that we are ruſhing into *Poverty* and *Subjection*; and, forſooth, for *Conſcience*, ha, ha!

*Lucy.* What are not theſe *Tories* or *Jacobites* capable of? They have the Effrontery of the D——l.——

*Char.* Or of the *French* or *Iriſh*, who dare deny that we are *richer* and *freer* than ever?

Ever? Our *publick Debts* are our *Mexican* and *Peruvian* Mines, and the Volumes of our *penal Laws* are our *Magna-Charta*—— See what a Scholar I am, my dear, ſince I have permitted our Chaplain to ſtay Coffee after Dinner, ha, ha!

*Lucy.* Does he not ſtay to cut in at Whiſk too, when my Lord's in waiting? Ha, ha!

*Char.* Cenſorious Wretch! fough! a Fellow in Petticoats for a Gallant of all Men! —What a Taſte was there for one of your Rank! o' my Conſcience you don't deſerve your Pin-Money.

*Lucy.* Not if I make no better uſe of it than Mrs. ———, who purſues her ill luck at *Cards*, at the Expence of her Honour and Underſtanding.

*Char.* Pſhaw! why mayn't a plain Woman in Years be allow'd to Mortgage her Honour if ſhe pleaſes,——without being ſo much the Subject of Cenſure?

*Lucy*, Nay, if her Creditors of Honour ſtop at *Cenſure* only, ſhe comes off well.

*Char.* What more cou'd they to a married Woman?

*Lucy.* Apply to the Huſband.

*Char.* Huſband! ha, ha! a pretty Creature to be afraid of. I warrant now, you wou'd ſooner Mortgage your conjugal Purity, than have your Lord apply'd to for a Play Debt.

*Lucy*, No, *Charlot*; if I did not love my Lord as warmly as I do, I love myſelf too tenderly to wrong him. If I had the Misfortune to indulge to a falſe Paſſion for *Cards* beyond my Ability, I ſhou'd certainly apply to my Lord for relief.

*Char*. And by ſuch an Application lay yourſelf under an Obligation to one you deſpiſed ——

*Lucy*. Lud, Child! whither wou'dſt thou roam? I deſpiſe my Huſband!

*Char*. Did I ſay you do? May'nt the Cap fit others tho' your Head be to little for't.

*Lucy*. What fuſs is here about Cards, Huſbands, and Debts of Honour, things quite Foreign to our preſent Purpoſes.—*Paſquin* is our Mark, and at him alone, ought we to aim all the Artillery of out little Wits. We are come down to his Fable of the *Horſe*, that loſt his *Freedom* by calling *Man* to his aid to be revenged of the *Stag*. I wiſh the Application had not been ſo apt: but what ſhall we do with thoſe *Latin* Verſes which follow?

*Char*. Do with them! as the M——y do with the *Complaints* of the People; *deſpiſe*, or not pretend to underſtand them.

*Lucy*. In the next Page (21) the Printer has ſaved us a World of Trouble, by not daring to print the *Latin* Ode Characterizing two Heroes of different Complexions, One he ſays, was a *Cherub*, the other a ——,

No-

No-body knows what, whether a Saint or a D——l,

*Char.* I don't know any part of the Work ſo adroit as this—I have heard of cutting with a Feather; but here the Author cuts, and to the quick, with a Weapon not viſible.

*Lucy.* As he does in the foregoing Page, (20) where he ſets before us inviſibly, what he calls our Miſconduct for *ſixty* Years paſt.

*Char.* I think he is no where tighter upon us, than on the annual Commemoration of the Murder of *Charles* I——.

*Lucy.* Than which I know of no national Farce more ridiculous. The Thing was ſilly in the Inſtitution, but ſuperlatively ſo ſince the *Martyr*'s line has been proſcribed. I hate the Figure of a *Janus*, wiſhing that Men wou'd act conſiſtently. For this Reaſon, I deteſt the *French* K——g for his *double dealing*. What do you call him, who was doom'd to role a Stone up a Hill for Ever. Such I wou'd have the fate of all thoſe r—— F——ls that break their Words, or are led by the Noſe by the baſe and corrupt.

*Char.* Whom of the K——g's of *Europe* is an Exception, except that of *P——a*?

*Lucy.* Whom indeed? And yet theſe Idols we all bow to.

*Char.* No; if you believe *Paſquin*, we bow lower to *Gold*.

*Lucy.* And was it otherwiſe, wou'd the two B——rs have been allow'd to lord it, as they do o're the P——e and People?

*Char.* How can you wonder at their Influence after having read the late *Pamphlet* on their *Conduct*? There, you find them raiſed above all our Stateſmen ſince the Conqueſt.

*Lucy.* Yet, *Charlot*, who could have thought hi G——e of ſuch Depth and Sagacity.

*Char.* The B——rs were but B—g—ke's *Puppets*, who were ſet in Motion from behind the Curtain.

*Lucy.* I know not whoſe Puppets they were; but ſure I am, they have done more *good* and *harm* than any M———l Puppets we have had for ſome Ages paſt.

*Char.* I can eaſily recollect the *Ills* imputable, to their A———n; but for the *Good*, let *L——l——n* and *P——t* exhibit it at St. *Stephens*.

*Lucy.* Have they not given us a Peace?

*Char.* Yes; and they have taken *Cape-Breton* from us, and have given *France* Hoſtages for our Honeſty.

*Lucy.* A miſtake. They have only found a new Way of ſending our young Nobles to learn the *politeſſe* Alamode, at the public Expence?

*Char.* You ſee a late *Improvement* of the Scheme

Scheme in the Perſon of the *young E——y* juſt ſet out for the *F——h C——t.*

*Lucy.* The politics of our Country ſeem of late to be totally reverſed. F——ls are made M———rs at home, and Children are ſent M———rs abroad. How alter'd and changed are our Maxims!--But ſee, *Charlot*, Lady *Ramble* is ſtopt at the Door to take us up to ſee *Coriolanus*, that *Friend* and *Enemy* to his Country.

*Char.* He was the Friend and Defender of his Country before the Prejudice of Party, and public Ingratitude drove him from it. But how have your preſent *Doers* of more *Evil* than *Good* been provoked to give up the Intereſt of their Country, by the late Treaty?

*Lucy.* I ſee you believe *Paſquin*, more than the Addreſſes of both H——es.

*Char.* I admit of no *Infallibility*, therefore believe my own *Senſes* before either P——t or Convocation,

*Lucy*, Where elſe ſhall we lodge our Belief?

*Char.* Not in the Adorers of the *Golden* Idol——

*Lucy.* Nor in the *Univerſities*——

*Char.* Where you might have learnt to diſtinguiſh the *Singular* from the *Plural* Number.

*Lucy.* I forgot that your favourite Baronet was bred at *Oxford*! ha, ha!

*Char.*

*Char.* I wiſh it had been remember'd, that the *Revolution* was principally owing to the noble Stand made by the learned Body of that ancient Seat of Literature.

*Lucy.* My dear, let us remember that the Lady at the Door waits for us. We will unveil the arch *Roman* at our next Meeting.

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## DIALOGUE III.

### *LUCY.*

SEE, dear *Charlot*, how the noſeleſs *Elf* ſets out, in the ſecond Dialogue, with a Ridicule on the State of *Liberty* here in *England.*——How he ſneers at our fancying ourſelves *Brave*, *Wiſe*, and *Juſt.*

*Char. Sancho Pancha*, you may remember, fancyed himſelf a Duke——

*Lucy.* And was one as much as our *Patriots* are inamour'd with the *Public.* that *Bubble* which *Paſquin* ſays, our different Parties blow thro' the Tube of *private ſelf-intereſt* as Occaſions offers.

*Lucy. Patriots*! Ha! ha! I wiſh *Paſquin* had analyzed one that we might know what a *Patriot* is made off.

*Char.* He has, I think, when he ſays, that the whole *Syſtem* of our G——t is ſupported by *Corruption*; but to help him out, I tell you, that a *Patriot* is a Chimical Preparation

paration extracted from *Ambition* and *Self Intereſt*; the chief Miniſter for the time being is always the *Chemiſt*, and the Court the *Laboratory*.

*Lucy*. Is he not engender'd rather——

*Char*. Between *Impudence* and *Deceit*, as *Paſquin* ſays the *Peace* is, between a *Sutterkin* and a *Beetle*? Ha, ha!

*Lucy*. I can readily perceive, who is meant by the *Beetle*; but am at a Loſs for the Application of the *Sutterkin*, even did I know what ſort of Creature it be.

*Char*. One's ſelf muſt be a *Beetle* not to ſee that all our M———rs are ſuch; and as for the *Sutterkin*, aſk any of our M———rs, that are bleſs'd with a *Dutch Frow*, whether it be Straight or Crooked?

*Lucy*. But to purſue the *Roman* Cenſor; he ſays *we ſcorn to take Example*—Lud! here again ſtands his *Latin* in our Way. An old Fool, to be ſtuffing his Work with a Language one don't underſtand!

*Char*. Did you ever know a Scholar that was not an Aſs? Nay, when many of them are got together, you ſee, they are not the Wiſer.

*Lucy*. One would think ſo by *a late clubbed Performance*, which was directed where the learn'd *Oafs* might be ſure it wou'd not be reliſh'd.

*Char*. Not before a *Purgation* at leaſt.

*Lucy*.

*Lucy.* And ſuch they are like to have ſoon, where leaſt it might be expected.

*Char.* I wonder you wou'd think ſo, who have ſeen ſo many inſtances of the *Influence* and *Sagacity* of our M———l *Beetles.*

*Lucy.* They may Chance *burn* their Fingers by attempting any Invaſion on *Spirituality.*

*Char.* I ſee, if you are not *Prieſt* ridden, that your favourite Chaplain has given your Mind an unfaſhionable biaſs for *Church* and *Churchmen*—Fy, *Lucy!* a Woman of your Quality make Pretenſions to *Religion* in this polite Age!

*Lucy.* I confeſs I have ſome, tho' I can't ſay that I am as far gone as Lady *A——y,* who is become ſo exceſſively *Over-righteous.*

*Char.* When ſhe is *paſt* being otherwiſe—O, I am greatly in Love with that convenient Spirit of *Devotion,* which ſeizes ſome Ladies *immoderately,* after a long Courſe of gay Pleaſures, and when one loſes all hopes of being admired.

*Lucy.* Not unlike what *Paſquin* inſinuates of that dear Princeſs, Queen *Ann,* whom, he ſays, to have had good Intentions *too late.* In no where more than here, does *Paſquin* expoſe the Cloven Foot.

*Char.* Lud! how Squeamiſh are ſome People grown of late! an Author can't tell *Truth* of Men and Meaſures, but preſently he is cry'd down for a *Jacobite*; and if he

ſpeak

ſpeak of *Irreligion*, and paint *Churchmen* in proper Colours, he muſt be a *Papiſt*.—— Queen *Ann*, he ſays, was not without her Faults. And, pray, who ever thought ſhe was? If all who think that Princeſs, good as ſhe was, not to have been *perfect*, are to be deem'd *Jacobites*, Lord have Mercy on us! Thus unjuſtly have I ſeen worthy Men arraign'd of Diſaffection, or *Jacobitiſm*, for having refus'd a Health to the *glorious and immortal Memory* of a Prince, dead half a Century before.——Monſtrous Incongruity, the Product of a Country as fam'd for Sons as over-righteous in Politics, as our *Methodiſts* are in Religion.

*Lucy*. The *Dear Joys!* I expect to hear ſoon that ſome fruitful *Hibernian* Brain will propoſe canonizing that very *glorious and immortal*.——I honour the Memory of K—— *W*—— as much as any *Teague* living; but can't bring myſelf to the paying him an Adoration due only to the King of Kings.

*Char*. If *Paſquin* may be believ'd, we have got little more by either him or Queen *Ann*, his immediate Succeſſor, than a national Debt of *fifty Millions*.

*Lucy*. To which their Succeſſors have found the Secret of adding *thirty Millions* more. I can't ſay but we are more ſuperlatively bleſs'd in our *Rulers*, than all other Nations, if our Happineſs be meaſur'd by our Debts.

*Char.* And that the Bleſſing may be permanent, *Paſquin* tells you, that it is intended your *Debts* ſhall never leſſen.

*Lucy.* Tho' I can't agree with his Refinement about *Gibraltar*, I fear he ſpeaks Truth in regard to the *Debts:* And ſhould it be one of the ſtated *Maxims* of our *Cabinet*, that our *Debts* ſhall be as *Pledges* for our *Obedience*, I give up Old *England* for undone. Already have the *French* the Start of us in Trade, as they can work cheaper than we, what muſt become of us, if the Taxes upon our Induſtry increaſe, as they muſt, to diſcharge the Intereſt of the mighty *Debt*, and defray the neceſſary Expence of the Government? In ſuch caſe *War* wou'd be more eligible than *Peace*, as during the Latter, our Rivals cannot be interrupted by any Superiority we might have over them at Sea.

*Char.* Ha, ha! dear *Lucy*, pardon me; I can't, for my Life, help it.——Bleſs us! how comes it that you are ſo very learn'd about our *Debts* and *Trade.*—— But, cry Mercy! I forgot that your —— is a L——d of Trade. Ha, ha!

*Lucy.* Is not *Trade* the Buſineſs of all who wiſh well to *England?* What ſhould we be without *Trade?*

*Char.* And yet moſt People are as indifferent about it as about *Liberty*, without which even Life would be a Burden. See

you

you not how the firſt is annually clog'd by P———t, and how our profeſſing *Patriots* yield up the Latter whenever M———s bid up to their Price? So exceſſively *complying* are our *Leaders* of Parties, that I dare ſay we ſhall ſee *Gibraltar* reſtor'd to *Spain* without a Diviſion, if the All-potent Pair of B——rs but tip the Wink to the Orators at St. *S——ns.*

*Lucy.* A gentle *Squeeze* 'o the Hand may better anſwer the B——rs Purpoſe. Ha, ha! you know that M———rs are Adepts in *Palmiſtry*; nor can you forget that the powerful *Pair* had been bred under an able Profeſſor.——

*Char.* Whom they had moſt *gratefully* contrived to move from the *Cabinet* for the Sake of his Health. Ha, ha!

*Lucy.* So they don't move us out of *Gibraltar*, I forgive their moving the Inſtrument of all our Woes from the Helm.

*Char.* Has *Walpole* done more Miſchief than his Succeſſors?

*Lucy.* No; nor ſo much: But as he had ſet the Example, and, as it were, reduced M———l *Corruption* to a Science, I hold him the moſt criminal.—Ah, dear *Charlot!* what will become of us if this Trade of *Corruption* go on?

*Char.* Become, as *Paſquin* ſays, Hewers of Wood and Drawers of Water to our Lords and Maſters, the M——rs and C——rs.—

What will become of your favorite *Trade* ſhould a ſecret *Treaty*, ſaid to be on the Anvil, expoſe us to the Mercy of the Houſe of *Bourbon*?

*Lucy.* I can't excuſe *Paſquin* his Argument for giving up that inеſtimable Fortreſs.

*Char.* Lord, my Dear! can't you perceive the Drift of the Author to be to alarm his Countrymen, with regard to a Negociation that may be on foot for parting with *Gibraltar*? His Refinement in regard to *Lewis* XIV. is a plain Proof that he did not intend that he ſhould be believed. We muſt therefore follow herein *Paſquin*'s own Advice on another Occaſion, underſtand him *backward*, as Witches are ſaid to read their Prayers.

*Lucy.* Shou'd we underſtand him thus in all his Encomiums on the ——ts, and particularly on the Youth whom he calls the R—l Wanderer, we might be call'd Unbelievers but not Jacobites.

*Char.* What a jealous World do we live in! If one does not believe with the *ſapping* Doctor, that all *Miracles* ceaſed with the *Apoſtles*, and their immediate Succeſſors, he is a *Papiſt*; and if you don't applaud *Lewis* XV. for his Ingratitude to the *S——ts*, and particularly his Breach of Promiſe and Hoſpitality to the manacled *Youth*, you are a *Jacobite*.

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Let the Court Sycophants call me what they will, they ſhall never frighten me from applauding *Vertue* and condemning *Vice*, whenever either becomes the Subject of Diſcourſe. Doctor *M——n*'s ſmooth Style ſhall never reaſon me into a more favourable Opinion of *Deiſm* than *Chriſtianity*; nor ſhall the pretended Friendſhip of *Lewis* XV. to our preſent royal Family, induce me to think better of him than he deſerves. Had we any true Notions of Religion and Honour, the firſt wou'd have been p——d before now, and the latter publicly lampoon'd.—But, dear *Charlot!* our Misfortune is, according to our Author, "That our "People ſee but thro' the Glaſs of *Corrup-* "*tion*, which reflects Objects but as the "C——t directs." We are ſo immerged in *Luxury* on one hand, and *Irreligion* on the other, that unleſs the all-directing Hand leads us ſoon from impending Ruin——

*Char.* We ſhall ſtarve firſt, and then miſs the Road to *Elyſium*. Ha, ha! I fear, dear *Lucy*, thou art far gone in *Over-righteouſneſs*. Evil Communication.—I never lik'd your Summer conſtant Jants to *Chelſea* and *Chiſwick*; nor the frequent Viſits of a certain over-righteous C——l, who is thought to have wean'd his *Siſter* from the eſtabliſh'd C——h, tho' not from her too intenſe Love of M——y.

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Who is cenſorious now, *Charlot?* Is not this Suſpicion an unfriendly *Inquiſition*, in which an old Comrade's *Faith* is not only cenſured but condemn'd, unheard?

*Char.* Ha, ha!——Nay, if you be grave I have done. I thought an old Comrade might take Liberties.——But.——

*Lucy.* To let you ſee I have not a Scruple of the Prude or Saint in me, you ſhall call me *Methodiſt*, or any thing but a modern C——t *Whig*. I deſpiſe all who affect retaining the Appellation, but act on a quite different Principle.

*Char.* Such is the Art of modern *Patriots* to wear the Maſk of *Whiggiſm*, in order to cover the moſt ſlaviſh Doctrines of *Toryſm*.

*Lucy.* And the People are ſuch Tools as to look no farther than the outward Garment, which, if they wou'd lift up, they might ſoon perceive the cloven Foot of *abject Paſſiveneſs*. Fough! a modern *Whig* ſtinks in the Noſtrils of every wiſe and honeſt Man.

*Char.* Is not this eſtabliſhing an *Inquiſition* on Men's political Principles? What more cou'd a *Spaniard* do to confine religious Principles? Know you not that *private Judgment* is the peculiar Privilege of Men?

*Lucy.* I know it ought, and wiſh it had been the Privilege of Women. Ha, ha! then, *Charlot*, might we lord it o're thoſe who

who pretend to be our preſent Lords.—Ah! that ugly Word *obey*, which was like to have choak'd me.—Dear Child, you can't conceive how ſore my Throat was from the Struggle, for all the Honey-moon.

*Char.* Ha, ha! poor *Lucy!* but ever ſince you found a Cordial in your own *Stomach*, which gave you eaſe.———

*Lucy.* And *Pain* to my Huſband. Ha, ha!—My Dear, without that *Stomach*, what ſhou'd we poor married Wretches do?

*Char.* And what is that precious uſeful *Stomach* but *private Judgment*, which you refuſe to modern *Whigs*, and which *Paſquin* charges on the *Reformation*, for which the Author has unjuſtly, in my Mind, been charg'd with *Popery*.—For my Part, I wou'd not marry that I might not be controll'd, and I remain a *Proteſtant* for the ſame Reaſon. But was I to alter my Condition, I ſhou'd *obey* implicitly, becauſe I promiſe ſo to do; and was I a *Papiſt*, I ſhould certainly ſubſcribe to *Infallibility*, becauſe there can be no *Medium* between that and *private Judgment*. And for this Reaſon I cannot but own myſelf an utter Enemy to the ſenſeleſs Arrogancy of ſuch of our Clergy as form Pretenſions to ſpiritual coercive Power.—No, no; give me *Liberty*, dear, ſweet *Liberty*. Let me have it in Spirituals, as well as in Temporals; and the nominal *Whig* that ſhou'd attempt ſtripping me of the latter,

wou'd

wou'd be as hateful to me, as the Perſon that ſhou'd aſſume any Power o'er my Conſcience. Therefore, I ſay with *Paſquin*, "That "*private Judgment* is the proper and true "Baſis on which the glorious Reformation "reſts."

*Lucy.* Which, I ſuppoſe, his hard Word means.——What d' ye call it; *Pyr—pyrrho*——

*Char.* *Pyrrhoniſm*, which, my *Bailey* ſays, is *doubting*.——And, pray, who does not *doubt?*

*Lucy.* I am ſure I do, of the *Probity* of M————rs.——

*Char.* And I, of the *Piety* of Parſons—— and the *Obedience* of Wives. Ha, ha!

*Lucy.* I was going to ſay a ſpightful thing.——

*Char.* Out with it, my Dear; that *Liberty* I wou'd enjoy myſelf, I willingly allow it to others. I ſuppoſe you wou'd have ſaid, that you *doubted* of the *Chaſtity* of old Maids. Ha, ha!——Be it ſo.——Our leading *Apes* in H—ll is Puniſhment enough, one wou'd think, without having any inflicted in this Life. But to let you ſee I am good for ſomething elſe, beſides leading filly *Apes*, if you will give me your Company to the Maſquerade to Night, you ſhall ſee what a Dance I will lead all the Fribbles there, who never fail panting and adoring my Size, Shape, and Air.——When the Wrincles in the Face are cover'd, like the *Corruption* of our

modern

modern *Whigs*. Ha, ha! 'tis time we part in order to dreſs. I will dine with you To-morrow to finiſh our Diſſection of the chattering Couple.

## DIALOGUE IV.

*LUCY.*

I SHALL ever love my dear *Charlot*, for the Lecture you read my Lord at the Maſquerade. I cou'd perceive him nettled when you touch'd upon his Intrigue with with Lady *A*———. ——Baſe Man!

*Char.* Baſer Woman! you might ſay, to intrigue with the Huſband of her Friend.

*Lucy.* With the B——r of her H——d. ——What won't Woman do when once ſhe exceeds the Bounds of her Duty?

*Char.* Her Ladyſhip is now in a fair way of having all her own Arts turn'd upon herſelf.——Mr. *J*——— is no Novice.——

*Lucy.* Not at Cards and Dice. Oh! that witty Lord, who ſaid *that Cards and Brimſtone made a good Match.* Ha, ha! was ever any thing more ſevere and applicable?

*Char.* Spight, *Lucy*; I thought you above Reſentment to one ſo much below you in Fame and Beauty.

*Lucy.* Ah, *Charlot!* you are not married, or you wou'd feel more ſenſibly my Wrongs.

—But let me forget all that breaks in upon my Quiet.—Where did we leave off our examine of *Paſquin* and *Marforio*?

*Char.* Where *Marforia* laments "the "Scandal ariſing from Chriſtians hating and "perſecuting one another for not being *able* "*to think alike.*"

*Lucy.* Was ever any thing more abſurd and unnatural? Yet this is the Author that is charg'd with *Popery*.—

*Char.* And with *Jacobitiſm*, for ſaying that *France* owes the Peace to the *Youth* whom ſhe has lately hand-cuff'd.

*Lucy.* Nay, *Paſquin* goes further a long Stride, when he ſays, that the Houſe of *Bourbon* owes *Spain* and the *Indies* to the exiled Family.

*Char.* A mighty Boon, which, however great, falls ſhort of our Obligations to the *S——ts.*

*Lucy.* Obligations, *Charlot!*

*Char.* Yes, my Dear. Do we not owe to them all the Bleſſings of the preſent Times?

*Lucy.* Oh, yes! our Debts, Taxes, penal Laws, Corruption, Irreligion, and the Definitive Treaty, are all Bleſſings of the Age we live in.—And all theſe may be owing, for ought I know, to the Man at *Rome*, and his two Sons. We owe them likewiſe all our late *Victories* in *Flanders*; and if you pleaſe, I will throw you the Bleſſing of having the *two B——rs* for our *Primiers* into

the

the Bargain. Ha, ha!——Now that I have mentioned the *two B———rs*, whom does *Paſquin* wiſh at the *Helm*, Page 50, where he ſays, "Ah! how *unwiſe* the Alterna-"tive, how *unjuſt* to with-hold the *Helm* "from him who has Virtues and Abilities "to adorn and ſteer the Bark of State?"

*Char.* The Courtiers wou'd inſinuate, that he meant the *young Adventurer*; but to me nothing is plainer than that he meant Lord *G———e*, who had been driven from the *Helm* by the Intrigues of the *B———rs*. Lord *C———d*, indeed, is ſuggeſted to be the Perſon intended; but that ſeems to me to be only a Cover to *Paſquin*'s Intention. For Lord *C———d* was never intruſted with the *Helm* as Lord *G———e* was; beſides, how well ſoever I may be inclined to think of the *witty Peer*, I cannot equal him in Matters of Government to Lord *G———e*, who wants no Requiſite but H———y to qualify him for the firſt Poſt of the Kingdom.

*Lucy.* I love you dearly for drawing Portraitures. Your great Man wants nothing but that without which no Man can be great. Ha, ha!

*Char.* If you won't allow Men to be great without H———y, I fear our *Engliſh* Soil will be found extremely barren at preſent. What think you of the *L———h P———r* who made ſo much more glorious and bril-

liant a Figure lately at St. *Stephens*, than had been made there for ſome Years?

*Lucy.* I think that he labours hard for a better *Place* than he has; and when he has got it, I think he will *fall*, and be as little noticed as *P——t* and *L——n*. ——*Honeſty!* with whom does the hunted *Innocence* harbour? Had ſhe remain'd among us, wou'd our M——rs have thought our *Debts*, *Taxes*, and the preſent *Corruption*, their beſt Weapons to beggar and enſlave the People?

*Char.* Yes; for without theſe Weapons, as you call them, the People wou'd be too hard for M——rs: And, as *Paſquin* ſhrewdly ſays, "Who can think that the C——t wou'd part with the only *Staves* it leans on."

*Lucy.* Tho' I don't ſuppoſe the preſent M——rs will ever agree to the Diſcharge of our *Debts*, yet I expect to ſee them diſcharged.——

*Char.* By *diſcharging* themſelves, after *Paſquin's* manner. Ha, ha!——that is, by the Nation's becoming Bankrupt.

*Lucy.* Which muſt inevitably be our Fate, as our Affairs are managed.——Ah, *Charlot!* how gloomy the Proſpect for thoſe who have Children to leave behind them!

*Char.* Lord! how theſe *Mothers* yearn for Fortunes for their Babes!——But, prithee dear *Lucy*, why are you more anxious about *Poſterity* than my Lord ——

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Or all the L——ds and C——rs in the Nation, who ſeem to have an Eye to the *preſent* only.——My dear *Charlot*, is it not melancholy to reflect on the Degeneracy of our *Mates*?

*Char.* And are our *Females* leſs degenerated, who, by their *Luxury* and *Profuſeneſs*, oblige their Huſbands to bend to the C——t for *Poſts* and *Penſions*, in order to ſupport their Extravagance?

*Lucy.* Bleſs us, *Charlot!* what wou'd you have us poor Wives do; ſpin, and card, and ſtay in the Country all the Year, like our Grannums? Ha, ha!

*Char.* I wiſh our Women were like our Grannums, as you ſtile our Mothers.——

*Lucy.* Rather wiſh our Men were like our *Fathers*, who bravely and ventuouſly, defended the Conſtitution againſt the Wiles of C——ts, and Oppreſſion of Miniſters; Men who equally ſcorn'd to get into P——t by B——y, and to be b——d when there.—— But alas! to uſe the Words of *Paſquin*, Page 57, our poor Old *England*, of late, has had a *Connection* with *Terra Firma*, which our Chaplain ſays, implies the *Continent*.

*Char.* Yes, *Lucy*; that *Connection* has influenced all our Meaſures.——But might not our *Fathers*, whom you ſo highly recommend for Patterns of Example, have foreſeen that *Conſequence*?——Indeed, my Dear,

I be-

I begin to be of *Paſquin*'s Opinion, *That we*, Engliſh, *are mere Beetles, and ſee no more into Futurity than the Statuary into the Marble Block he works on.*

*Lucy.* My Dear, the Fault lies not ſo much in the Underſtanding as *Heart*, which is *corrupt:* Think you that our late *Patriots* do not ſee that their *Co-operation* with the *two B——rs*, in all their wild Meaſures of *War* and *Peace*, is drawing Deſtruction on their Country?

*Char. Country!* God help thee! who have you known to have had any Bowels for her of late?——Even *C——d*, *Paſquin*'s Favourite and Patron, has none, or he wou'd exert thoſe Talents he is bleſs'd with, in healing her Wounds, reſtoring her Health, and in bringing thoſe Empiricks to *Shame*, that had brought her to her preſent languiſhing Condition.

*Lucy.* Bring *Engliſh* M——rs to *Shame!* Ha, ha!——Do you forget how they refuſed a good and honourable Peace at *Hannau*, about five Years ago, and concluded the *Definitive Treaty* in the laſt?

*Char.* That Affair of *Hannau* is more myſterious than the World imagines. *Paſquin*, and indeed moſt Men, till lately, imputed the Miſcarriage of that Negotiation to Lord *G——e*, than *C——t*, who was thought to wiſh for the Continuance of the War, as well

well to fix and perpetuate his own Influence, as to gratify the *Desires* of his M——r. But ſince the Publication of *the Conduct of the two B——rs*, the whole Blame ſeems to be ſhifted to *them* from the former Miniſter; tho', for my own Part, I can't well underſtand how the B——rs, who were but part of the *Regency* here at Home, cou'd influence the Negotiation of *Hannau*, againſt the Opinion of their M——r, and his M——r, who, at that time, was ſuppos'd to ingroſs the r——l *Heart*, as ſurely as he was known to have been in Poſſeſſion of the *Ear*.

*Lucy.* Here the B——rs lie under a Dilemma: If they had no Share in the Obſtruction of Peace at *Hannau*, they are ſo far to be pitied, that they can only exonerate themſelves of the Charge brought againſt them, by laying the Blame where *they dare not*.——

*Char.* I can't directly charge the Miſconduct at *Hannau* to the B——rs; but ſure I am, that the Miſconduct of the *War* ever ſince, is either chargeable to them or to ——

*Lucy.* *Some-body*, whom it may be as unſafe to name as the *Some-body* at *Hannau*.—If you'll believe the *Conduct of the B——rs*, that *Some-body* was purpoſely put at the Head of the A——y to ſhut up the Mouths of Com-

Complainants.——Are not theſe ſame B——rs plaguy cunning Fellows, that could have thus early taken their Meaſures for ſilencing their Enemies?

*Char.* Nay, if we may believe that *Book*, they are the greateſt M——rs we have had ſince the Conqueſt.——

*Lucy.* And the greateſt R——s.

*Char.* That I deny.

*Lucy.* Who, pray, are bigger?

*Char.* The maſk'd *Patriots*, who oppoſe to make the better *Bargain* with the C——t.

*Lucy.* Ah! poor *Engliſh Lion!* how alter'd is the generous Creature ſince the *white Palfry* has directed his Conduct.

*Char.* You wrong the *Palfry*; you wrong the *Lion*. The Latter is alter'd, and much for the worſe; but lay not the Blame to the *white Steed*, who legally had no Share in the Conduct of his Affairs. To ſpeak, without what the Scholars call Figure, *H——r* is not ſo much in Fault as *Engliſhmen*. If *England* have loſt her Influence and her Trade; if ſhe be become luxurious and corrupt, immoral and irreligious; if ſhe be o'er burden'd with Debts and Taxes; if ſhe be on the Verge of Deſpair and Ruin, who are to blame but her own unnatural Sons?

*Lucy.* Her *Eſaus*,——her *Beetles*,——her ſycophant M——rs, who, to acquire Power

Power, and the Confidence of *Some-body*, have brought their poor Country to the wretched Plight ſhe is in. Ah, *Charlot!* thoſe *Purpoſes miniſterial*, between which and *Purpoſes national*, *Paſquin* ſays our M———rs diſtinguiſh with great Subtilty, are like to undo us as effectually as the *Virtues* of *Cæſar* are ſaid to have undone old *Rome*.

*Char.* There wou'd be ſome Glory in falling by ſuch Hands as *Cæſar*'s.——

*Lucy.* As there wou'd be to be torn in Pieces by *Lions*, but to be worried by *Rats*.——

*Char.* By *H———r Rats*, wou'd put the Blood of an *Engliſh* Wife in motion. Ha, ha!

*Lucy.* Had we *Engliſh* Wives any Remains of that virtuous Spirit, for which our Mothers were diſtinguiſhed, our Huſbands dare not go that Length in *Servility* to M———rs, which have brought all our *Evils* upon us.

*Char.* I have ever heard that *Miſtreſſes* had power with Men; but for Wives——

*Lucy.* You think they have none. One, indeed, might be apt to think ſo, from the Inattention of modern Huſbands to Poſterity. But, my Dear, the Fault, in great Meaſure, lies on our Side: When a Wife makes it her Study to ſooth and pleaſe her Huſband, and confines her further Attention

to the Care of her Children and Family, ſhe can never fail to ſecure his Approbation at leaſt, if not his Heart.

*Char.* And tho' ſhe ſhou'd, is ſhe ſure he won't accept of a *Place* or *Penſion*, a *Ribband*, a *Title*, or a *Dinner*, and a Belly-full of *Claret* and *Champaign*? Many *Votes* have been barter'd away for Wine and Veniſon.——But, dear *Lucy*, how can you talk of the Power of good Wives, that have ſo little yourſelf, tho' poſſeſs'd of more good Qualities than moſt of your Sex?

*Lucy.* Flattery from a Friend, from you, my dear *Charlot*, it was unlook'd for and unkind.——But to ſolve your Queſtion, my Lord, you know, is not the wiſeſt of his Sex.——

*Char.* As much as to ſay, that a Wife, let her be never ſo good, cannot tranſmute a F——l to a Philoſopher. Ha, ha!

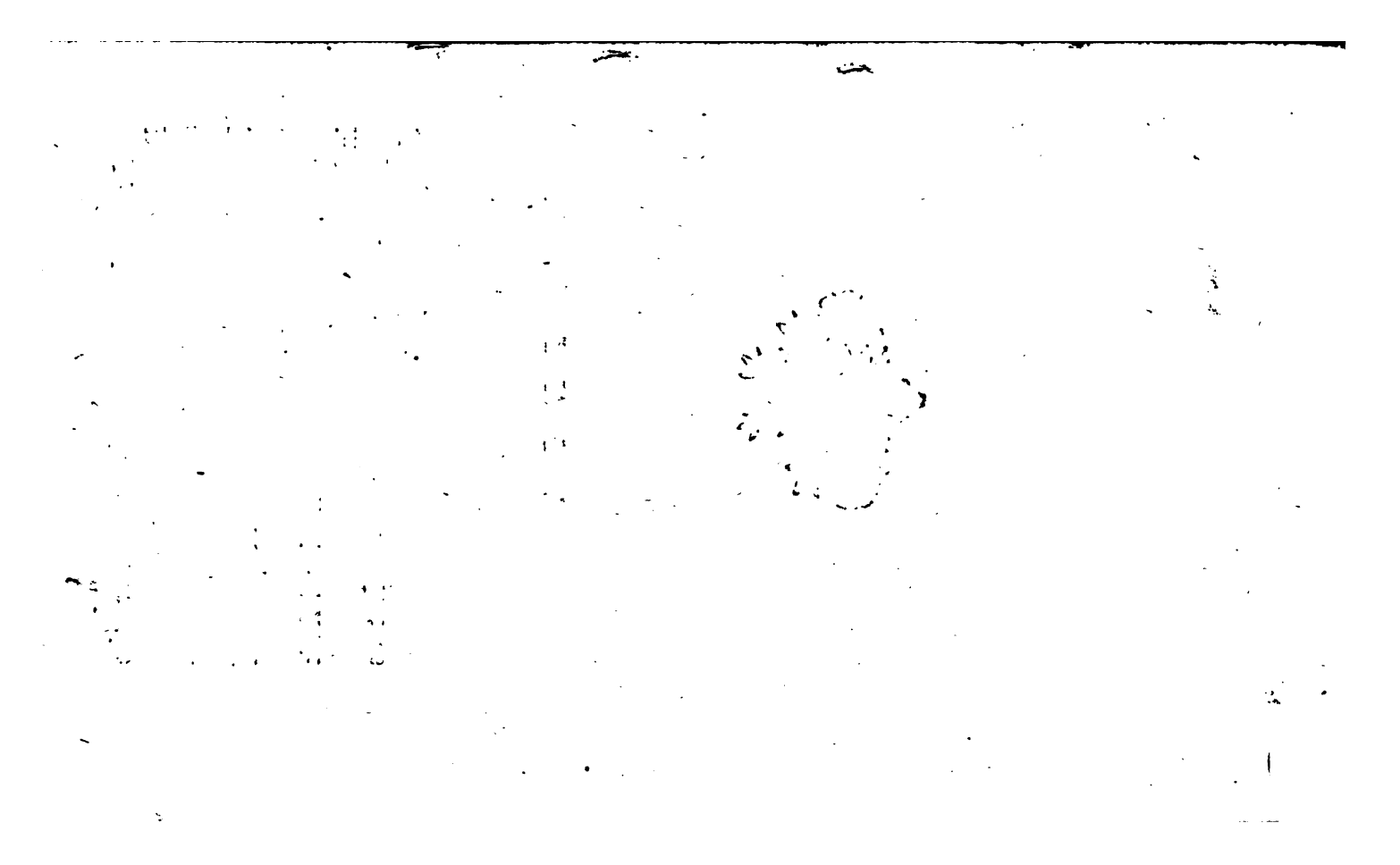
*Lucy.* Nor a *luxurious*, *corrupt* Nation to *Patriots* and *true Engliſhmen*.

*Char.* But tho' our *Engliſh* Wives may not be able to bring their Huſbands to a Senſe of their *true Intereſt*, yet, if we may take *Paſquin*'s Word, *Neceſſity* will do it. "*Ne-*
"*ceſſity*, he ſays, will wear off the miſtaken
"Rancour of the *Heart*, will blunt the
"Edge of their *Prejudice*, unſeal the Eye
"of *Reaſon*, and work that Cure which
"they are ſo averſe to, yet ſo much ſtand
"in Need of."

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Never was Nation nearer the Brink of Ruin than we are; and never was a faithfuller Glaſs held out than that which *Paſquin* has exhibited.——Yet, dear *Charlot*, what ſignifies Expoſtulation to a People ſunk in Corruption.——

*Char.* No more than to a Husband ſunk in Vice.——

*Lucy.* See where he comes.——Let us change the Subject.

*F I N I S.*